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A SIMILE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sometimes the lonely voyager of the deep,
When not a cloud is blown across the sun,
And not a sail breaks with its floating wing
The vast and awful round of sea and sky,
Will lean his head upon the vessel's side,
Since the faint noise beneath the dipping prow
And the hoarse murmur of abrading keel,
From out the vague relentless ocean lie over
Like echoes of a long-forgotten world.
So, in the silence of the solitudes,
And reaching for the knots of traveling woods,
The stir and rustle of unanimous leaves,
The shore of planting water, and the cool
Noise touches of the wind upon his knee,
Will bring to the lone watcher of the days,
With imagery, fever-straddling cries unbroke,
Unsun-like, and floating in a tender haze,
The mournful memories of a full moon-tide,
With purple boatloads plunging in silver foam,
And white arms tossing, and the sound of songs,
With kingly palms that lift their plumy crests
High over summer woods of drowsy silence—
Memories that, like the spirit of the sea,
Are fruited bright as that tantalizing golden
In golden airs; with flitting wings, that break
In flashes of earth flowers and balmy grasses,
That wreathe their blossom-lashes 'mong around
Their mother's bosom, and the sun-bright hair
And her bright, brighter, as the dulcet tongue
Of seamen waters slip beneath the prow,
Leaves the fair mirage of the flowers and
Darkening and receding evermore!
So, in the lonely voyage of the day
A sudden grief startles—and he! the sea
From glassiest green tostergy drops slowly down,
Hands rebel in blinding splendor for a space—
A breath—their dips behind the heaving rim
Of the world's waters, and forever gone!
Vague dismay, and hopeless longing follow
The sunless Trinity of Darkness, reign.
Till, where the sunset glimmers in his ears,
The memories band of Tempest reaches out
Its shadowy hands, and draws the night around
About the trailing mist—" And mourning breaks
Out on the dreary wastes of rolling waves
Never again, while changing seasons roll,
The homeless wanderer spends his lonely days
Where the fair flowers of earth are blooming,
The soft green leaves of quiet meadows,
And shading for the phantom of his hope,
Or for some dream and sunshine cheering him,
And still the bright shimers lures him on—
Forever seeking, and by vain desires—
Till he, the day is spent, the darkness falls—
And the wild sea-birds cry of the gloom!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL BUT NOT A NAUGHTY HEROINE.

The scene of my story opens near Blanton, a quiet town in New Jersey, which had been selected by Mrs. Blake, the mother of one of the heroines, as a place in which to spend the quarantine of a family which had been provided over by a very accomplished and elegant woman, named Miss Crumbleton. Mrs. Blake made her advent in Blanton in the character of a widow who had married very far beyond, and she brought with her a daughter six years of her second theatre, who was pinged with Miss Cranston as a prefix.

Mrs. Blake was a widow, and a very bold, and one her mothers formed some of the young people within conventional bounds; but she was brilliant, fascinating to a remarkable degree, and singularly attractive in person.

Miss Cranston found her a more easy study—for that lady was given to unstyle character—and to her regret, she found in the mental conformation of her pupil much that made her task a labor of love. Her own nature was not emotionally undeveloped to the extent of good and true. "If she is not tempted, all may go well with her," thought the old lady; "but if she is—" and the ominous shake of the head expressed as much as the words embodied, can embalmed in history.

Hesther's school course was completed, yet her mother still lingered in the quiet nook in which she had found a home, and the young girl, with which a certain amount of mental fermentation was shown to be an accompaniment of the freedom with which she dispensed her favors.

Mrs. Blake had fifteen hundred dollars a year, which she stated was derived from property in the South, but which, I have my mistrust, and in what place she had lived before she came to Blanton. Not in Blanton was the scene of her conquests, for instead of pursuing had been pursued, and had fled from the field to escape from either mother or suitor. On that point they were perfectly inaccessible, and it may be be understood that during her residence in the life of the elder woman was the cause of their reticence.

For a few years the stranger lived almost entirely to herself, but when the time of which I am speaking had arrived, she was the acknowledged belle of the little society in which she figured.

Endowed with the dangerous power to charm every one brought within the sphere of her attractions, the young girl sighed for a wider field in which to display her fascinations. She possessed an enterprising temper, and she chafed against the conventional bounds in which she was held, as only such a nature as hers can chafe when it has been licentious. she would have broken through the trammels that bound her, and, queen, was queen of her own will, but she was hemmed in by social conventionalities.

On the other hand, her mother was morbidly anxious that she should settle down in Blanton permanently, and secure her position by accepting a young physician, named Atkinson, who had been her devoted adorer for two years past.

The cottage occupied by Mrs. Blake stood about a mile from the town. It was a comfortable house, with a veranda in front, over which flowering vines were trained, and the large yard that surrounded it was shaded by elm-trees. A vegetable garden and small orchard lay in the rear, and beyond these were green meadows, on which two sleek

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

MRS. BLAKE RELATING THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

looking cows found pasture. A German and his wife lived in the cottage, which was the property of the place, and performed all the domestic duties for the ladies, who lived with much style, for Mrs. Blake seemed to have a talent for the about the management of a house.

The summer was almost gone, and early autumn tints were already seen amid the foliage of the distant forests, when Hesther and her daughter sat together in the room of the latter, in the cottage, engaged in a task that had failed to affect the whole future life of the stranger woman. Mrs. Blake was leaning back in a lounging chair, in an attitude of indolent repose habitual to her when not excited, and at the moment in which I introduce her, nothing had been said to arouse the sleeping demon that lurked in her nature, to spur the fair seeming she had so long nurtured into a reality, and to which she had become a her feelings within her.

She had been a singularly handsome woman, but temper and suffering had left their brow, and withered the bloom upon her cheeks; but forty-five years of age she was an old woman—old in heart as well as in appearance—and bitter as the heart is the fruit from the memories of that past she would have given worlds to forget.

Her figure was tall, and stately as one may now, with a grace of outline that years had not marred; her movements were easy and slow, and graceful as those of the gliding serpent, though it was not difficult to imagine that those lithe and supple limbs could spring with the rapidity and certainty of the panther.

Her face was ordinarily a low monotone, and she affected great reverence and quietness of manner when in society. People did not trust her, but they admired her, and "a good for her sad" she's goodly to look at, and she may everything, was the verdict of the world of life." Ah! if they had known how, and under what circumstances that battle had been waged, I am inclined to think that the reverence would have been changed to pity, and the confidence to that trust-faced look of sweetness which was the result of turning her face to the light.

The figure of the girl was modelled after that of her mother, and was the perfection of outline the same sinuous, elastic movements were there, but the face was not. It were dark brunette, and was of the Spanish type; but Mrs. Blake was only a few women, while her daughter was a radiantly beautiful one. The face of Hester was a pure oval, with features of classic regularity, lighted up by a pair of large black flashing eyes, with lashes of velvet softness, and a mouth of rare accord, and discontented in its expression, when in repose, but when her face was in motion, and her bewitching smiles at their command, she was the perfection of beauty.

She suddenly turned, and facing her mother, said:

"The dull monotony of this place is becoming unendurable to me. I wish to see something of the world—I want see it, mother."

Mrs. Blake looked over her book with a smile, a wealth of meaning but, down to the tip of her toe, betrayed the fact that she was not at all of her mother's society never lost her ease.

"You have told me that often before, my dear; but what is the use? We cannot afford to live in New York, and here we are. It is very well to visit one thing. Hester: we shall stay here for a few months, and then we will remove to some other place, though it would not go far to find one more dull than this. My dear, you are growing handsome, and should not be buried in such a place, though it is very pleasant for me, and very well suited to my age and infirmities."

"Then tell me, mother, why you have been so reticent in a small place like this; but long ago you told me yourself that you have claims on a rich man in—I cannot call to say where, but I know it was—it must be in Louisiana, and the man is Mr. Landry. Am I not right?"

Mrs. Blake compressed her thin lips, and a flash of sudden anger leaped from her deep black eyes. Her voice lost some of its sweetness as she said, coldly:

"That is a name which we have been warned not to speak. What if there are rich people around us should hear it; hospitality should gratify their baffled curiosity by writing to say sure home, and making inquiries that would betray to them my wretched past? A repudiated wife gain to pity, to forbearance, and the story of my marriage is known."

Her voice died away in husky murmurs, and she sat silent and motionless.

Hester looked at her in the world. I will seize the forbidden name in spite of your prohibition. I am resolved enough not to care much if such a catastrophe as you dread were to take place. Then you would be forced to go away from this dull place, and find a more congenial home. You have been out of society long enough, and my self and will not submit to it much longer, mother, so you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Yet they have been kind to us, and you generally have no cause to complain of them. If you value security, you will make sure of your position by accepting Dr. Atkinson's offer."

Hester laughed bitterly and scornfully.

"Mother, you are unreasonable. I have decided as that Helen who once set the world in a blaze. I am resolved that I will not be enslaved all who approached her; and you told me to marry a country doctor who would live spectacles and settle down to the humdrum of life. I am sorry from like Blanton. I think I could the sooner than accept such a fate as that."

"You will be safe with him, Hester; and that is much for one who has no claim to the name of Landry."

Hester laughed bitterly and scornfully.

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"You will be safe with him, Hester; and that is much for one who has no claim to the name of Landry."

That was all she cared to accomplish, and how, or through what instrumentality it was done, was of small moment to her.

The time had come in which she felt it to be necessary that she should understand her true position, and she did not intend to permit her mother to evade any of the details she wished to know.

Mrs. Blake at length dropped her hands upon her lap, and her eyes seemed to look far away into the past she was so unwillingly recalling. She spoke in a low, monotonous tone, which occasionally swelled into passion, as she described scenes that had stamped themselves in fire upon her brain.

"You ask me how it happened that I was cast off by the man I adored?—why he was permitted to wrong me so bitterly as to bring to his home another wife while I yet lived and suffered? It is a terrible record. But since I *must* speak, I will lay bare the whole truth, fatal as it would be to myself if it were betrayed to any other than the child who must bear equally with myself the consequences of the crime I committed.

"I must go back to my early life, and tell you of myself before I became the wife of Armand Landry. My father was a dissipated, reckless man, who owned a small place near Le Bocage, as the Landry plantation was called. I was his only child, and as his disorderly home was an unfit place in which to rear a girl, I was sent to France while still a small child, and placed under the care of a half-sister of my deceased mother, who lived in Marseilles. I was educated, as most young French girls are, in a convent school, and was permitted to see nothing of society till I was nearly eighteen years old. Then my aunt took me home, having already arranged a marriage for me that she considered suitable. I was not consulted in this arrangement, but I did not rebel against it, for Claude Beltôt was young and good looking, and I preferred remaining in France as his wife, to returning to the dullness of plantation life.

"My father gave me twenty thousand francs as my dower, and Beltôt expected in the future to get much more from him. I think that prospect induced him to marry me, for I soon found that he was as indifferent to me as I was to him. He was in business for himself, and made that the pretext for neglecting me almost from the day of our marriage.

"Well—I will hurry over that portion of my story, as it has little to do with what concerns you.

"Indifference soon merged into contempt on my side, and something like aversion on his. We disagreed in nearly everything, and each one sought to control the other. We had evidently made a wretched mistake, and when ruin overtook him, we were glad to separate by mutual consent. I returned to Louisiana, and Beltôt went to Algeria as an ensign in the French army.

"When I came back to my early home I found my father living as recklessly as ever, although his means were nearly exhausted; but I soon discovered that his house was a rendezvous for the gay young men of the neighborhood, and that gambling, in which he was very successful, was carried on to a shameful extent beneath his roof.

"He welcomed me, because he thought my beauty and accomplishments would be an additional attraction, and he commanded me to resume my maiden name, and never refer to the fact that I had a husband still living. I was willing enough to do this, for I hated the thought of the fetters that bound me to the man I had learned to loathe.

"Among the young men who came to his house was Armand Landry. He was two years younger than I, for he had not completed his twentieth year when I first met him. He soon forsook the gaming table to linger near me, and I—well—I was mad enough to give him the heart my husband had never tried to win. I loved him to that degree that I thought life would be worthless unless it was shared with him.

"Armand seemed devoted to me, but he never asked me to marry him. He knew that his proud old father would look with scorn on the daughter of such a man as my father was, and refuse to receive me as his son's wife.

"The time passed on, and I became more infatuated with Armand with every meeting; yet how I was to accept his hand even if it was offered, I did not know. I spoke to my father finally, and he swore that if there was a chance to win such a man as Armand Landry, my first marriage should not stand in the way.

"He wrote to my aunt, and after some delay obtained a divorce for me, which was granted on the plea of mutual alienation; but my father exacted of me a promise that I would never betray the knowledge of my first marriage to any one in my native land unless it became imperatively necessary to do so.

"From what I had told him he thought I was sure of becoming the wife of Armand as soon as I was free, but when he still delayed asking for me, the old man became enraged, and demanded of my lover what his intentions were.

"He seemed surprised, and said that we were only friends—that his father had other views for him, and he dared not displease him by refusing to fall into them. There was a violent scene between them, and for weeks I did not see Armand again. How I suffered—how wretched I was, I cannot tell you, though that was nothing to what I have borne since.

"My father swore that Armand should yet be my husband, and I was so infatuated, so miserable, that I cared little by what means he was to be ensnared, provided I became his wife. I entered into his plans, shameful as they were, and allowed myself to be united to a man who had been lured again to our house, and when incapable of acting for himself, was pronounced my husband by a missionary who had been so short a time in the country that he knew nothing of the wrong he was helping to carry into effect. He was brought to the house a few moments before the ceremony was performed, and left immediately afterward.

"A time had been chosen when the elder Landry was absent from home, and was not expected to return for several weeks. I believed that Armand loved me as truly as I did him, and that he would be glad to know, when he recovered from the effects of the subtle potion given him in his wine, that I was his own in spite of his father's opposition.

"It was several weeks before he did recover all the natural energy of his mind, and I began once to fear that he would be permanently injured by the drug I had permitted to be administered to him. But the time came when he fully understood the position in which he was placed, and then—*then* such scenes as passed between us I cannot describe. He fiercely resented the part I had taken in entrapping him into a marriage that would be odious to his proud father, and declared that he could never forgive me.

"Vainly I tried all my powers of fascination to enthrall him, and win forgiveness from him.

"As soon as he was well enough to leave the house, he went off in search of his father, in spite of all I could do to detain him. The old man's wrath was something fearful, when he heard of the advantage taken of his son when he was overcome with wine. He instituted proceedings for a divorce, after sending Armand to Europe to make a tour, in company with Mr. Russell and his two daughters.

"When I heard that, I was devoured with jealousy; for Ellinor Russell was the young lady who had been chosen by Mr. Landry for his son's wife, and report said that she was both rich and charming. Armand had made her acquaintance while travelling at the North, two years before, and before he met with me. I afterward learned he was betrothed to Miss Russell.

"Mr. Landry was not satisfied with freeing his son from the ties that bound him to me, but he enforced against my father heavy claims that he had bought up, and nothing saved the old man from being turned out of house and home but his sudden death. In a moment of furious passion against his adversary, he fell into a fit, and in a few moments all was over.

"When this happened, you were but a few weeks old, and I was left with you to take care of, and little enough to do it with. My father's plantation with the few slaves he owned were sold, and the whole property passed into Mr. Landry's hands. He would not see me, but he wrote to me, saying that he had reserved for me from the wreck a cottage fronting the river, with a few acres of land around it. In that he ordered me to live, and stated that for the sake of his son's child, he would allow me a few hundreds a year, and when you were old enough he would send you North and have you properly educated.

"I was stunned, stupid, and helpless, and I accepted from him the means of living; besides, I considered them my right, for was I not his son's wife?

"Alas! that claim was not considered of any force; the marriage was set aside, and before you were a year old, Armand Landry had become the husband of the rich Miss Russell. An aunt for whom she was named had left her great wealth, and it was said that Mr. Landry urged on the match because he was so deeply plunged in debt himself, that only a rich marriage on the part of his son could save him from ruin.

"The marriage took place in Paris, and that fall the bride and groom came home to Le Bocage. The old father had done all that was possible to induce me to leave the neighborhood before the return of his son, but this I obstinately refused to do. He tried to bribe me by offering a sufficient income to enable me to live comfortably at the North, and to provide for you in a suitable manner in the future. But I was deaf to all his arguments, for he came then to see me himself, and I stayed in the cottage, from the windows of which I could see the home in which my rival lived.

"Ah! how I hated that fair beauty who had caused me so much woe! Many a night, after you were asleep, have I stolen from my cottage, and made my way to the stately home in which that woman dwelt, surrounded by loving care that of right belonged to me. Concealed in the shrubbery, I have listened to *his* voice speaking to her in accents of deeper tenderness than he had ever used to me, and I vowed within my soul that I would find means to blight the happiness they seemed to find in each other.

"I do not know how much or how little Mrs. Landry knew of my story; she made no objection to my stay at the cottage, though it had been safer for her to have dwelt beneath the shadow of the upas-tree than within reach of my hand."

Mrs. Blake paused an instant, but the eager listener said nothing to interrupt the thread of her narrative, though her eyes lighted up with an expression that showed how thoroughly she comprehended the state of feeling her mother had described.

Mrs. Blake resumed, in tones that made the listener beneath the window thrill almost with terror.

"My hate culminated when a daughter was born who was destined to fill the place in your father's house of which you had been defrauded. The child was called Estelle, for Mr. Landry's mother, and your father did not say that he already had one child who bore the English form of that name.

"Your half-sister is two years younger than you, and in your childhood you were so much alike that but for the difference in size you might have been taken for twins. Ellinor Russell's daughter inherited none of her mother's fair beauty; she was dark and brilliant like her father, for you both strikingly resembled him.

"Armand's joy in his new treasure was soon turned to sadness, for the health of his wife began to fail. She faded slowly away with a mysterious disease for which physicians could find no name, and which baffled all their skill. Everything was tried that promised relief, but the spell of an evil eye was upon her, and there was no help for her.

"The doctors said it was the climate that did not suit her, but *I* knew better than that.

"She was taken away for change of air, but Zelma, the woman that went with her as nurse, was one of the slaves that had belonged to my father, and was devoted to me."

Again Mrs. Blake paused, and then said:

"I don't know why I tell you all this, Hester, for I need not have laid bare all my criminality before you; but you insist on having the whole truth, and you must be able to understand why I was finally compelled to accept the exile in which I have so long lived."

"Yes—I understand," said Hester briefly. "Please go on, for I am deeply interested."

"Mrs. Landry lingered for many months, but she at last died, when you were five years old. *Then* I thought my triumph would come, for the old man was dead who had so bitterly persecuted me, and there was no one now to oppose a re-union between the man I loved and myself.

"Armand rarely saw me, though I was so near him, for even in his rides he avoided passing my house when it was possible to do so; but he was passionately fond of you, and Zelma came regularly for you, to be taken to her cabin, where your father came to pet and caress you.

"Now that he was free, with no overbearing father to dictate to him, I confidently expected that, for your sake, if not for mine, he would seek me again, and atone for the ill-treatment I had received at his hands, by renewing the bonds I persisted in believing that his father had forced him to break.

"At first he was overwhelmed with affliction for the loss he had sustained, but I waited with such patience as I could command for that phase of feeling to pass away.

"One day I threw myself in his way, and I used my opportunity so well that he seemed comforted by the thought that one heart at least clung to him, and was ready to give him the consolation he needed so much. I believed that all would go well for me, and justice would yet be done me, for he seemed anxious to place you in the position to which you were entitled, when a blow came from a most unexpected quarter."

"He found out your first marriage," said Hester, with keen astuteness, "and the concealment ruined you, and with you, myself."

"Yes—you have divined it. Claude Beltôt had come back from Algeria, and he wrote to Mr. Landry, as the nearest neighbor of my father, inquiring about him and myself, and stating that I was his wife—that the divorce had been obtained without his knowledge, and he was coming to Louisiana to claim me, and the fortune he supposed my father had left me."

"Did he come?" was the eager question that followed.

"No; for Mr. Landry wrote to him that no money was to be gained by reclaiming me, and he would not make so long a voyage with no prospect of gain at the end of it.

"Armand grew frigid to me again, and he soon after took his departure for the North; but he left me in charge of Le Bocage as housekeeper, and I accepted the place in the hope that when he came back, to find me mistress of his house, he would in reality give me that coveted position.

"I reigned there supreme, and my native arrogance made me show the servants that the authority I wielded was that of a mistress. I showed kindness to no one save old Zelma, for she had served me unscrupulously, and I still hoped to reap the reward of her evil deed.

"The years passed on, and Armand was travelling in Europe, rarely writing home, and never sending me a line. I looked forward to his return as the reward for all my sufferings, for then he would surely renew the vows we had once plighted.

"You were ten years old when he came back. Zelma was dead, and I felt safe now that the only one who could accuse me of instigating the death of Ellinor Russell was gone.

"But all my hopes were fearfully dashed to the earth; for he brought with him a young wife, a cousin of Ellinor's, and also an heiress. They stopped in New Orleans, and from there Armand wrote to me. I have that letter now. You can read it, and it will explain the necessity I was under to submit to the terms he dictated. You will find it in the secret drawer of my desk."

"I do not understand the spring," said Hester.

"Bring the desk to me, and I will open it."

The girl went into an adjoining room, and quickly returned, bringing a small writing-case in her hands. Mrs. Blake opened it, and presently drew forth a worn looking letter, which her daughter eagerly opened, and read the following lines:

"NEW ORLEANS, October 30th, 18—.

"I write to you, Hagar, to say that no option will be allowed you as to your removal from the vicinity of me and mine. If my father had sent you away far, far from me at the time he separated us, it would have been better for you, far better for myself, and that fair angel who is now in Heaven, accusing you before the Judge of all as the cause of her being sent there before her time.

"During her long and mysterious illness, an awful dread at times came over me, but I would not believe you capable of working such woe to me, and I did not see how you could possibly approach my wife sufficiently near to do her any vital injury.

"While I was in Europe I consulted several eminent physicians as to the singular symptoms of Nelly's malady, and they uniformly expressed the opinion that a subtle vegetable poison that leaves no tangible trace, was slowly and *constantly infused into her system.*

"In spite of this, I still persisted in believing that it was only the malaria of a climate unsuited to her northern constitution which had produced such fatal effects, for I fought against the conviction that in making her my own, I had sealed her doom, by exposing her to the jealous rage of one who had aspired to rival her.

"I came back to my native land, bringing with me a cousin of my lost one as my wife, the resemblance in person and character between the two attracting me irresistibly to Helen.

"I might have taken her to Le Bocage to meet the same terrible fate, had I not here encountered the priest who attended Zelma in her last illness, and *received her confession.*

"When Father Gregory found that I was married again, and on my way to my home, he loosened the seal of secrecy so far as to warn me against placing Helen in so dangerous a position, and I learned from him enough to convince me that—

"Ah, my heart, I cannot write it! You are the mother of that unfortunate child who forms the only link between us, and for her sake I must spare you. Go far away—take your daughter, for I can never again bear to look on either of you; you shall both be provided for. I will allow you fifteen hundred dollars income, and on that you can live well in some Northern State. Seek some quiet village where you can rear Hester in innocence and peace, so far away from the scene of your crime that it will be easy to conceal it from her.

"I am not rich in my own right, as you know, but when she is old enough to marry, I will give her a suitable dower. This is all I can, or will do, for either of you, and I require you to obey my wishes, or accept the consequences of your own act.

ARMAND LANDRY."

Hester silently folded the letter, and returned it to its place of concealment. She did not seem shocked at what she had read. Perhaps it was because her mind was prepared for it by what had already been said.

She sat down by her mother, took her hand in her own, and said, in hard tones:

"After all, I cannot blame you, for you were playing for a large stake, mother. Of course, there was nothing left but for you to comply with my father's commands."

With sullen bitterness, Mrs. Blake repeated:

"There was nothing left—I had nothing to care for, to live for, after this stunning blow fell on me. I was reckless—despairing; but I never for one moment repented of what I had done. I felt a savage joy in thinking that I had avenged my wrongs on my rival. All was over between Armand and myself forever: the little love he might at one time have cherished for me was turned to dread and detestation, and I—I began to hate him too. The man whom I had so slavishly loved trampled me in the dust, and my heart at last arose against him. He had given me a second rival, and he took from me the power to wreak my jealous rage on her as I had done upon her predecessor. I vowed then that if I could not strike him, *you* should; and I have spared no pains to imbitter you against that unknown father who cast you off, and treated you as if you were almost an alien to his blood. I have long meditated this confidence, though until to-day I had not courage to make it. I spoke to you of his goodness in giving you a pittance from the wealth he controls, but it was only to try the temper of your mind, and I rejoice to find that you are *my* child—that you will espouse *my* cause, and avenge my wrongs, if the power is ever yours to do so."

A strange smile flitted over Hester's lips, and a sudden fierceness came into her eyes, as she said:

"He has himself given me the right to become a Nemesis to him, and if I could see my way clear to such a consummation, I would walk in the path you would point out, unless he paved another with gold to tempt me to leave it. We have lived in this place ten years—what of my father in that time? Of course you have not left yourself without the means of hearing from your old home?"

"No—I have been informed of all that happened at Le Bocage, and it was well for me that I was far distant, or I might have been suspected of again using my skill to rid myself of a detested rival. The second Mrs. Landry lived but a year. She left a daughter only a few days old, and since her death her husband has made no attempt to marry again. He lives on his plantation almost alone, for his daughters were sent North to be educated, and he is only with them in the summer season."

"Where are they?" asked Hester, with eager interest. "They are my half-sisters, and I should like much to see them."

"They were sent to Newport, where a sister of the first Mrs. Landry resides. Mrs. Murray gladly took charge of her nieces, for she has no children of her own, and she has been many years a widow."

"Newport is not very far from here since the railroad was made—why cannot we run over there and get a glimpse of my sisters?"

Mrs. Blake shook her head.

"One of the conditions on which your father continues my annuity is, that I shall never make an effort to approach his children, nor allow you to open any communication with them. If I did so, he would think that no terms are to be kept with me, and he would stop my income."

Hester defiantly shrugged her shoulders as she replied:

"If he is such a man as you have described, he would hardly proceed to such extreme measures as that. As his daughter, I have claims on his justice, if not on his affections."

After a pause of some length, Mrs. Blake said:

"I believe that you have claims on both, Hester, for your father has lately written to me asking me to send you to New York for a few days, that he may see you himself, and explain to you what he can do for you in the future. I think it is his intention to give you more than I at first hoped for. His other children are very rich; he could give you a handsome fortune, and not injure them."

"What answer did you make to him?"

"I refused to let you go. I wrote to him that if he wished to see you, he could come here in the character of your uncle, and I would not intrude upon the interview between you."

"Will he come?"

"I cannot tell—I have not heard from him since my letter was sent. I think he will come, however, for he wishes to judge of the manner in which I have done my duty by you."

Hester tossed her head triumphantly.

"If he is not satisfied with my appearance and manners, he will be hard to please, I think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following little episode of real life I give as I had it from Nancy Farewell's own lips, and as corroborated by another who was an actor in the scene.

Allan Farewell, who served in the Union Army through the late war, found himself not so strong in purse as he might have been had he remained at home. He had received no big bounty, and his soldier's pay had not accumulated upon his hands.

The time came when Allan Farewell was in distress. During his absence in the army his two little children had been sick—very sick—and what with nursing, and doctor's bills, and caring for the farm, his wife Nancy had been forced to run into debt. And after Allan's return he struggled for years before the debt was lifted off. He paid the last dollar of his indebtedness on the first day of January, 1870, and before February had come he was prostrated with fever, which lasted away into the Spring.

At the opening of the May-time Nancy Farewell, weak and worn, stood by the side of her husband's chair and wept. She had done all she could do. Allan tried to arise, but his limbs would not support him.

"O, my soul!" he gasped, "I cannot send them out so! My children begging!"

"But we cannot starve, dear Allan. There is not a crust in the house, and of money we have not a penny."

"O! this is hard!"

"Allan, do you remember what the people said when you went away to the war? They said, if you would go, your family should never come to want. It was proclaimed from the platform, and it was published in all the newspapers. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Allan, "I remember."

"Then why not send for the Selectmen? They joined in that promise."

Allan looked up with a frightened expression.

"Nancy," he said, "I have seen Mr. Osmond. He was here while you were out yesterday. He says the Town will help us—he will order any help we may desire—he will do it cheerfully—"

"O—Allan!"

"But, Nancy—"

"But what?"

"The moment we receive that benefit, that moment—*we become* PAUPERS!"

"WHAT!" cried Nancy, starting back from her husband's chair.

"Yes, dear girl," he repeated, mournfully,—"under the laws of our State, the recipient of pecuniary aid from the Town becomes a pauper. Were Mr. Osmond, acting in his capacity as Overseer of the Poor, to bring us a barrel of flour, as I asked him, I should become a pauper, and should be disfranchised."

"What!—Not lose your right to vote?"

"Aye, Nancy—even so."

The wife staggered back and sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"If," went on her husband, "we were in a town where there was an organization of the comrades of that Grand Old Army; or, if there were even well-to-do soldiers in our own town, I should not want; but there were very few went to the war from this far-off place, and of those few I am the only one left."

"A PAUPER!—*Lose a freeman's right to vote!*" exclaimed Nancy, following her own thoughts. "You, who gave your life to your country for four, long and weary years!—who never shrank, and never quailed, and never complained!—*You*—YOU—to be thus branded and cast out!—Do they not know that if you had remained at home during those four years, as others remained, this want would never have come upon us? Is this the way they would keep the promises of faith and good-will made to us when I and my little ones gave up our husband and father to the Great Trial? I see not how Mr. Osmond can look you in the face and tell you the verdict."

"It is not Osmond's fault, Nancy. It is the law of the State, by which the Town is bound."

"Then that avenue is shut to us?"

"Yes. I think I would starve first!—But, for you, my wife—and for our children,—I cannot see you suffer. The shame—the brand—will be mine—not yours."

"Never! never!" cried the wife. "While we have life I will hope. The end is not yet. We can pray to God for strength."

And she sank down upon her knees, and buried her face in her husband's lap. And she prayed. And in the midst of her prayer she heard a heavy footfall in the entry—and she heard the opening of a door behind her,—and upon arising she beheld a stranger who had entered unbidden and unannounced.

Half an hour earlier a man of middle-age, tall and strong, with full, dark beard slightly mixed with silver, and with a limp in his gait, had alighted from a carriage and entered the bar-room of the little village inn, and had there inquired for Allan Farewell.

And the landlord had told him of the present sufferings of the poor man, and he had asked the gentleman,—

"Do you know him, sir?"

"I think I knew him once. Was he in the army?"

"Yes, sir. He was through the whole of it."

"Aye," continued the stranger, "I knew him well. He was one of the bravest of the brave; and he once saved my life. At Antietam my regiment held an exposed position under a charge of the enemy. I was shot down with a ball through my thigh. Our men were forced to retreat. The enemy were pouring down with triumphant yell. Allan Farewell saw me where I lay, unable to rise. He rushed forward and caught me up. I bade him leave me and save himself; but he would not. In his strong arms he bore me from before the foe. The bullets flew around us like hail, but he did not falter. With prompt and cool decision he found a cover, and finally landed me safely under the care of our own surgeons. Surely I owe that man something. Will you direct me to his abode?"

And this was the man who now stood in the humble cot, and whom Nancy Farewell beheld upon arising from her prayerful kneeling.

"Farewell!" said the visitor, advancing a step.

The sick man looked up, and presently his worn face gleamed.

"Colonel Douglas!" he cried. He fairly started to his feet, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back with a sharp gasp of pain.

"Aye, my brave old comrade," returned the new-comer, bending over the chair, and taking both the invalid's hands. "It is your old Colonel. I have been looking for you. Cheer up, my boy. You bore me once, through a great peril, from death to life. Let me now bear you—if not from death to life, at least from Darkness to Light."

"Nancy!" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak, the tears coursing down his sunken cheeks, "it is my old Colonel. God bless him!"

The prayer was answered, and the light had come. From his ample means Colonel Douglas rendered a generous due to the brave soldier, and did not leave him until the darkness was all gone, and the light had come sure and lasting.

When Nancy Farewell had told to me her story, she added, with strong emphasis:

"It seems to me that our laws are hardly just. Many a poor man, true-hearted and brave, though not crippled in body, has yet come to want through his absence from home and business in the war. Would it be asking too much to ask our law-makers to so amend the statutes that Towns may be their own judges in this matter; and, if they have within their limits either soldiers who fought honorably in the war, or the widows and orphans of such, reduced to want, that they may be allowed to extend Christian and fraternal help to such waifs of the Grand Old Army without branding them at the same time as paupers? Would it not be Right and Just?"

From my heart I answered her,—

"RIGHT AND JUST!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE Norwich *Bulletin* says that several weeks ago a clergyman from Meriden preached in one of the Norwich town churches. It was a fine sermon. Last Sunday a clergyman from Eagleville preached in the same church. It was a very fine sermon. But it was the identical one which was delivered there a month previous. The question in that vicinity now is, "Who wrote that fine sermon?"

A SELECTMAN of Bradford, Mass., gave as a reason why that town and Haverhill should be annexed and form one township, that a good many poor people who reside in Bradford work in Haverhill, and that if the two places were united, the men would be much nearer their work.

A RHETORICAL young lawyer of St. Albans, Vt., recently informed the court and jury as follows: "Decide this case as you may, you cannot escape the logical consequences of seeing in the untrodden path of the future the *footprints* of the *hand* of an avenging Nemesis."

PLEASE illustrate the difference between a blunder and a mistake. Certainly: when a man on leaving a social party takes a poor hat in place of his own good one, he makes a blunder; but when he takes a good hat in place of his own poor one, he makes a mistake.

WHENEVER an applicant for a situation appears at the office of the Michigan Central Railroad, an official shouts up through the speaking tube, "Any switchman killed lately?" whereupon the applicant retires, saying he will call again, which he never does.

A YOUNG lady, in the kitchen, making a pie, said to her cousin, who was hanging around, "Frank, the kitchen is no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you?" "It isn't the dough, (doe,) cousin, but it is a *dear* that attracts me."

A TEXAS editor, in discussing the right of a member of Congress from that State to his seat, says, "The seat is his by one of the highest titles known to the law of civilized lands—the right of purchase, *for he bought his seat and paid for it!*"

A KENTUCKY paper says that a member of the Legislature of that State sent up the following to the clerk: "Leeve is asked to bring in A Bill to altar the time for the Legislater to meet. Refurred to the comity on Religen."

A REMOTE Indiana editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying, "If there is anything you know, that is worth knowing, that we ought to know, and you know we don't know, please let us know it."

IT is rumored that young ladies who object to the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, now hoodwink the guileless youths who lead them to the altar by glibly promising to "love, honor and be gay."

AN English paper asks, "When His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, being drunk, fell out of the billiard-room window of Buckingham Palace on to the terrace walk, was he then his royal lowness?"

SINCE the post-office in Rensselaer, Ind., was located in a bar-room, it is said that the number of men who "expect a letter" a little after supper-time has largely increased in that community.

IT is said that when a young man of Dubuque, where the small-pox has had a run of seven weeks, asks a young lady to take his arm, she gazes on him with a "vaccinating smile."

A GERMAN who was lately married says, "It vas easier for a needle to valk out of a camel's eye than for a mans to get der lasht vord mit a voomans."

"HERE, you waiter, bring me a veal *cutcert*," said an Illinois legislator, the other morning, to one of the attendants at a hotel table in Springfield.

A WESTERN editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

IT has been authoritatively announced that "the grand epic of the coming poet will throb with the exuberant pulses of the developing cosmos."

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to sea.

"GOOD-MORNING, 'Squire. Got anything new?" "Yes, I've got the *neuralgia*, and it hurts terribly."

A THIEF running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

WHAT man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get.

IT is the eyes of other people that ruin us.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A THIEF attempted to pick the pocket of a lady as she was taking her seat in the cars at Springfield, for New York, the other morning, and would have escaped with several hundred dollars, had not the lady courageously seized him by the collar, and held on to him till he was taken in charge by her husband and a couple of policemen.

A CORRESPONDENT who says he has "tried it and knows that it's so," gives a remedy for a painful wound, as follows: "Take a shovel or pan of burning coals, sprinkle it with common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a short time the pain will be allayed, and the wound will heal rapidly."

A LADY living near Cheatham, Vt., became so despondent, owing to the death of her babe, that she committed suicide by taking a dose of bed-bug poison; and another woman, living in Waupun, Wis., committed suicide on the same day because her hands were covered with warts.

A LITTLE girl at Cedar Rapids suffered terribly from the earache and no application could mitigate the pain. A physician finally made a thorough examination of her ear, and found a sprouting sunflower seed imbedded in it. On removing the seed, the ache ceased.

IT is reported that the fires which devastated Wisconsin last fall are not yet wholly extinguished. The smoke is still issuing through the snow in some places, the fire seeming to have taken an inextinguishable hold upon the very substance of the earth.

NATHANIEL TAYLOR, of Sennet, N. Y., and his son John, celebrated their birthdays on Thursday last. The older was eighty-four years of age that day, and the younger forty-two. It will be some time before the father will again be twice as old as his son.

A YOUNG lady just married in Springfield, Mass., purchased a spool of cotton at a dry goods store, and insisted upon the clerk measuring it, to make sure it did not contain less than two hundred yards. How is that for a wife?

AS a couple of young men were wrestling in a stable in Brooklyn, a few days ago, one of them fell behind a horse in a stall, which kicked him violently on the head, fracturing his skull, and inflicting a fatal injury.

THE lumber works of the Ottaway and St. Lawrence valleys, in Canada, sent to market last year three hundred and thirty-five million feet of sawed deals, and four hundred and thirty-five million feet of boards.

THE favorite mode of "hazing" practiced by the feminine Sophomores of Michigan University, is to seize some good-looking Freshman, bind him hand and foot, and then kiss him in the most *terrible* manner.

PETER OLSON is the hero of Geneva, Ill. A few weeks since he fell through the ice on Fox River, and actually swam a long distance under the ice, until he reached an opening, and then climbed out.

AS a man named Wells was wading in the river near Brownsville, Texas, he stepped into a quicksand and instantaneously vanished from sight. All attempts to find his body were fruitless.

THE smallest baby at present known is claimed by Taunton, Mass. It is twelve days old, and twelve inches tall or long, weighs about two and a half pounds, and is doing well.

THE policemen of Chicago seem to have the hydrophobia since the fire. The following is from a Chicago evening paper: "Another dog killed by a mad policeman yesterday."

A LADY fifty-five years old, and in apparently good health, living in South Sebec, Me., dropped dead, a few mornings since, while attending to her household duties.

AS late as the sixteenth of April there was a snow-drift on Mount Prospect, in Holderness, N. H., eighty rods in length and fifty feet deep.

THE wild-cat season seems to be approaching. An old one, weighing over forty pounds, was killed near Great Falls, N. H., the other day.

AN immense cave, said to rival the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, was discovered recently, near Millsbury, Centre county, Penn.

AN aged negress and her son lately reached Detroit, Mich., from Richmond, Va. They walked the entire distance, camping out nights.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

BY LOUISE C. CHILD.

"Love in a cottage!" How charming it sounds!
It what a fruition of bliss
Will rural John talk to winsome young Mag,
As he sends her sweet lips with a kiss!

"Not silver or gold, but the wealth of one heart,
Is all that I offer to you."
And a rose-blushed coo'ship still would adhere,
Would be more than rich palace to me!

"It is great to labor for one when I love,
And John, there's none like you, I know;"
So the soft little hand that his pearls is pressing
And where he gets, she gladly will go.

And they, the two birds, their love's home trimming
Are soon ready,
And their older birds have unfrowned,
And together and sing through the bright days at spring.

And carry no sting on his throne.

And John stops with a grand and a solitary air,
And speaks now and then at his "wife;"
While they daily quality says, "So does," or "It is not so."

And," Prize had such a sweet, happy life?"
But years fly apace, and no one of our race
Is exempt from life's troubles and care—
And those that tend love most gladly would
Oft find they more than their share.

Three blest are the few who, through Winter and Thaw,
Their sacred mantles around them have flung;
Even though frosted and worn, they still love the more,
The vow in their hearts ever young!

If John's heart beat for Mary, and Mary's for John,
Even though in the midst of strife,
Love will shine as a beautiful "Halo" at last,
Fairer far than on fleeting earth's life.

Love, in palace or cot, is a beautiful guest;
A blessing it says wherever it goes;
A crown of bright glory on the forehead of rest,
A balm of time for the sad!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "OLD-FASHIONED," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER CVI.

AFTER THE WEDDING MORNING.

"And so Frona is back my cause withal,
And I, to hear, have learned the secret well
Of her life, but I will not tell you him long."

"Did you tell the coachman where to drive?" inquired the bride, as the carriage rolled rapidly through one of the principal streets of the city.

"Yes, dearest," answered the infatuated bridegroom. "I told him to drive to the Astor House, where I am stopping, and where I have engaged the bridal suite of rooms for our reception. Do you think I could have forgotten anything in which your comfort was concerned?"

"No, I am sure you could not; but—" She hesitated a moment, and then added, "I wanted to go somewhere else."

"Say on, my love, you shall go where you please. After we have got to our rooms at the hotel, and have had some refreshment we can, we will consult about where to go, and spend a pleasant fortnight together. I am at your service affectionately."

"Yes; but I don't want to go to the Astor-House—I—"

"Where then? I will go anywhere you wish."

"You know I did not come to this city alone."

"Didn't you, dear? I thought you did."

"No; I came with a party of lady friends. And I left them all abruptly to hasten and meet you, without telling them where I was going, or when I should be back. I have never been gone two hours. They will be uneasy about me at this time. I must go to them and put them at their ease."

"Why, I hate to lose you even for an hour."

"But I must go to them, my husband. It will be but for an hour or two at most. And when we meet again it will be to part no more forever—I could almost kill myself part us."

"I must submit, I suppose," said Craven, with a sigh.

"You will, oh, you dear boy! You talk as if you were making some painful sacrifice!" she said, with a little laugh.

"It is painful to let you leave even for an hour."

"But! You'll be glad to be rid of me some of these days."

"Never!"

"Ha! I say again. Come, here we are at the hotel now. Stop the carriage."

He did not hear, and I will walk on," she said.

"Had you not better let me get out here, and have your own seat and drive on?" he inquired.

"No. I don't want the carriage to take me to the hotel. The distance is short. I prefer to walk. Stop the carriage, and let me get into the reading-room until I assure yourself while waiting for me," she said.

He assented, and she got out and walked rapidly on toward the Black House.

When she had left the door, she slipped up through the ladies' entrance with some thing that happened to be in her hand, and then hurried up stairs to her own room, and locked herself in, and sat down to think.

All within the place was quiet as she had left it ten hours before.

She opened the window shutters to let in the daylight.

And then she went and listened at the door communicating with Alden Lyttes's room.

All was still there. She softly opened the door and looked into the room, and soon after other motions that proved the inmate to be not there.

"He is up and dressing himself. I have not returned one minute too soon," she muttered, and seated herself in an easy chair near the window.

The next moment the door opened, and Alden Lyttes appeared on the sill.

"*I do not know how to express my thanks*," he said, politely.

"Don't mention it, sir. I am glad to be of any service to you," she answered, in a cold, indifferent tone.

"Very, very much indeed obliged last night, I am very glad you had a relative in the room to have you feel the better for it," he continued, with her sweet smile.

"Well, no; not much better. You know there is such a thing as taking too much sleep. I feel quite as if I had taken too much of it, dull and heavy, with a stupid headache. I should like a cup of strong tea, but I should think it might be bad for me, or by night, perhaps, as I do not sleep well."

"Ah, I am sorry! But the fresh air will do you good, no doubt."

"No doubt, and really it is not worth speaking of. I see you have your hat on. You have been taking a walk this fine morning, while I lay like a stupid, sleeping myself into a headache."

"Why, I have not been out. I put my hat on merely to be ready to start the moment we had breakfasted. For I must go and see the principal of the ladies' school this morning."

"Why, I hope you have not waited break-

fast for me all this time!" exclaimed Alden, in a tone of regret.

"I have not waited very long. And if I must confess the truth, I have had a fine fit very long myself."

"No wonder at all, Alden Lyttes; 'so somebody' said about you."

"Yes!" "As true, 'as pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true!'"

"You must be hungry, however. I will ring and order breakfast directly."

"No, please don't. It will take too much time. For your sake, I will go down-stairs in my room and get out breakfast."

"Oh, no, no, no, Miss Mary Lyttes; as he rose to attend her.

The guests had nearly all left the dining-room, so there were waiters enough at leisure to attend to those late arrivals; and in fifteen minutes more they had not long to wait for their coffee and rolls.

They did not carry over their meal. Both were in a hurry.

"I shall have been at the law publisher's two hours ago," said Alden.

"And I should have been at the ladies' school about the same time," added Mary.

"I shall never forgive myself for sleeping so late and so long and detaining you," said Alden.

"Say no more about it. We shall only have to hurry over breakfast to make up for lost time," answered the trustiness.

And they both finished and rose from the table.

"Will you be so good as to order a carriage for me, while I run up stairs and get my travelling bag?" inquired Alden.

"Certainly," he answered, as he gave her his arm and led her out of the grand dining-room.

And as she ran up, he turned and sent a ball for the carriage.

And then he waited at the foot of the stairs for her return.

The carriage was announced, and she re-appeared almost at the same moment.

She carried in her hand a leather bag and a small silk umbrella, both of which she handed to a waiter.

"This looks like a departure," said Alden Lyttes, as he gave her his hand to assist her in the carriage.

"It may be a departure," she answered, "and I must take this, perhaps last, opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to me. If I should not return by six o'clock this evening, please to look for me at the Astor House."

"I will do so," said Alden Lyttes. "And in that case I shall be very much obliged if you think I shall be able to get through with my business to-day, that you will accompany me to Virginia, I should be pleased to escort you there."

"Thanks. But I rather think that I shall have to go back to-day. But I will see, and confer with you. Thanks, very much," she added, as she settled herself comfortably in the carriage.

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"Why, I hope you have not waited break-

do not remember the time when I could not sleep," said the lady hastily.

"What a wonder you are! In everything!" said the gentleman, with a look of fond admiration.

"No wonder at all. I was brought up on plain, wholesome food, and was always a sort of amphibious little creature, as often in the water as out of it. Come now, will you have a bath, to please me?"

"Of course. I would do anything in the world to please you, my angel!"

"Then you shall have a good, sea-green bath. I'll go and get my breakfast, and then I'll shell mocked near them.

"Do, please, dearest Mary! Why, that is more ungrateful! It could not live in rough water. And if the gentle breeze should rise into a wind—"

"Are you afraid?" she inquired, with provoking carelessness.

"Only just, not for myself, but for you."

"Very! I say again, that there can be no ground of fear for me. I say again, that I am like a mermaid, and swim like a fish. There! Now will you get the boat I want?"

"Oh, my darling, I will. And I will also take the precaution to hire the men in charge of the boat to go with us in case of anything."

"No, no, no; I won't have the man. He would be in the way. Besides, I want to be alone with you, dear, together, and have no interloper with us."

"But, my dearest Mary!—"

"I don't believe you love me at all, when you refuse me such a simple boating trip in the boat with us, watching us," said the bride, filling her eyes with tears.

"Oh, love you! Oh, Heaven of Heavens! Mary, my darling, my life, my soul!" exclaimed the bridegroom, as he whispered assuringly.

"Will you get the boat? I want to go this afternoon."

"Yes, yes, I will, my darling. I can refuse you nothing. I will go down-stairs directly, as he walked down to the waiter's side, and gave the order for the boat to be got ready at once.

Then he came back to take her down to the boat.

It was a mere shell, as he had said, and large enough for a single person to row it, and easily carry six if required. It did not look safe to the bridegroom, for so many persons in a boat.

But Mary, upon floating out upon the water and down with the tide, past the dingy collection of wharves, pleased him with her exuberant flow of spirits, and not among the coming and going of the numerous steamers.

Then she grew toward that beautiful wooded shore. It is so lovely over there," she said, pointing.

"Distance loads," said so forth," smiled Craven, "and it is from a great distance that it looks the largest."

But the outgoing tide had left a muddy beach there, and so they had to keep at a respectful distance from it.

"Where shall I tell the coachman to drive?" inquired Alden.

I tell him to call first at the reading-room, at the corner of Broadway and ——, to look at the Directory there, before going further.

This order was given to the coachman, who started off in the direction indicated.

In a very few minutes the carriage drew up before the reading-room door.

Mary Gray, as I still prefer to call her, got out and ran in to the room.

Craven, at the same time, trying to interest himself in a morning paper. As soon as he saw her he dropped the paper and followed her example.

"It seems to me you have been gone four hours instead of four minutes."

"I have been gone just as here and seven minutes, you know," she added, with a laugh, playfully. "Now then I am at your lordship's service."

"Oh, my beloved, do not speak so to me, for I am not worthy of you, and never was your subject. Command me as your slave!"

"Yes; I have a carriage at the door, with a horse and driver."

"Come then, love."

They went and together and entered the carriage.

"Drive to the Astorian Hotel," said Craven to the coachman.

And off he drove slowly, for I wish to talk to you as we go, my love," he added.

"Drive slowly," said Mr. Kyte, giving her orders.

"Now, Craven, dear," she said, as they went along, "I wish you to understand that I don't want to stop at the Astorick longer than I can help, so pay your bill, and let us leave your package there, and go then, my dear. I am ready to surrender myself to you," she replied.

"You'd have a fancy for spending a few days at Havre-de-Grace. It is a very pretty place. We can take the train at once, and be there in two or three hours."

"Yes, dear, and I will make every effort to catch that train."

"Now, then, tell the coachman to drive back."

Again Craven gave her orders to the man on the box, who touched up the horses.

And they were whirled rapidly on toward the Astorick Hotel, where they soon arrived, and Craven left her in the carriage while he went in.

"No, and it away. We can pick up another one as a substitute," she answered, in reply.

Mr. Kyte paid and discharged the carriage, and they went into the house.

Craven had engaged a room for the private parlor he had engaged for her, and he pressed her to partake of some refreshment, which she packed up in the package and left in the room.

But she declined the refreshments, and said she would wait, keeping herself closely veiled in the room.

He hurried through his business as fast as he could, and returned to her.

He took her down to the cab he had engaged, and was whirled off rapidly toward the ferry-boat.

A half hour's rapid drive took them to the railway station, which they reached in good time to buy their tickets, check their baggage and take their places before the train started.

It was the express. And they were soon whirled through the country to that part where the bride chose to spend her honeymoon.

CHAPTER CVII.

THE CHASE.

They took rooms in a pleasant hotel in the place, and for a few days they were supremely happy in the wake—she to look at the small shells on the beach.

The sun had just set, and the whole expanse of water was still and glassy-glowy.

A refreshing breeze had sprung up, and the river was alive with boats of every kind and description, from the sail to the row-boat.

Mary Gray was looking out upon the water from the window, and she might wish to amuse themselves upon the water.

"Take a boat, Craven, and let us row out a row. The evening is so delightful, the sky and the water so beautiful," she said, very seemingly.

"I should like to do so, my angel; but, to tell the truth, I am a very inexperienced oarsman, and I cannot row you. I am afraid we should get ourselves into trouble."

"Are you afraid then, Craven?" she asked, with exasperating coolness.

"No, love, not for myself, but for you. If by my awkwardness any accident should happen to you, I think I should run raving mad," he answered, seriously.

She would answer him no. There is no cause of fear whatever, as far as I can see. Indeed, I can row like a square. And I can swim like a duck. And I think I could do so over since I could walk!" At last, I certainly

"What is the matter?" inquired a man's voice from the water.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, help! My companion has fallen overboard, and I fear is drowning!" cried Mary Gray, bringing her hands in well-studied grief and terror.

"I'll help you," answered a human voice, in hurried voices, all at once.

"Oh, sir, you will be paid for him! Listen to me! Do try to save him!" cried the hysterical Mary, as she heard the sound of oars being pulled by one of the boats, in her pretended anguish of mind.

"I'll do all I can!" "Did he not struggle?" inquired two or three voices, as the oarsmen in the boat heard around and seemed to look on all sides, and peered over the surface of the water for the drowning man.

"No, he sank at once," he sank at once!" she answered, in a voice of despair.

"That he will come up again. They always do, unless they are seized with the cramp and a leaden limb. Keep a bright look-out there, boys; and if you see so much as a ripple in the water, make for it at once. Why were you the poor fellow yet," said the voice of a man who seemed to be in authority.

"How in the world did he happen to fall? Was he sea-sick?" inquired another.

"No, my husband, suddenly had blow of my head, and fell into the water. I begged him not to stand up, but he would in a pocket handkerchief over my head, but he would not listen to me. Oh, he would listen to me! And so, in stooping to recover my handkerchief, he lost his balance, and fell into the water. And oh, he could not swim a stroke! And I tried to save him, but he would not let me. And I begged him not to, but he would not

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ROBERT BONNER,
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Benevolent Enterprises—Sending Children West.

One of the most popular of the benevolent enterprises of the day has been to make the object of which is to pick up poor, unfortunate little children in the city and send them to good homes in the West.

Many of these children have undoubtedly been benefited by this change in their location and condition. Their removal would almost, as a matter of course, be an advantage to all of those who were fitted by nature to improve opportunities such as they would find. Their chance in a new and growing country, and among good people, would certainly be better than here, surrounded by poverty, squalor and vicious associations. Supposing, therefore, of the enterprise as a whole, we think that great good has been accomplished by giving homes, even under such auspices, to the homeless and homeless miserable children of want and beggary in the cities.

There has always existed, however, in us, a doubt whether a benevolence could be carried or exercised in selecting children for the country, as there now is, in favoring at least, in the selection of the families into which they are permitted to go. There are so many people with such hereditary and—may be in some cases where they are not hereditary—such strong tendencies to evil, and, especially, where they may be placed, ner among whom, their wicked and depraved natures will develop themselves, and will prevail, in spite of all the restraining influences, until they come to be subjected to confinement and physical restraint.

We see it stated that JOHN AYERS, who has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and is in New Jersey—where he went from this city with the deliberate purpose of killing a man—was taken to the West by the Children's Aid Society several years ago.

The young man is now only twenty-two years old. It might be instructive if the Society were to institute inquiry as to the kind which brought him back, and how it was that in his case the benevolent purposes of the society were completely frustrated.

We are not opposed to the sending children to the West; on the contrary, we consider it a process to whose care they are to be committed. Some good must be supposed that the rural regions expose in a state of primitive purity, remaining there, to their credit. This is an error. Although the opportunities for the poor to do well, if they are indeployed, as the Western States, may be regarded as unlimited, we think that the evil exceeds the good when the children chiefly affected are taken at one time, in proportion to the population, as in New York.

All benevolent enterprises, to render them really successful, require to be conducted with a full knowledge of life as it is, and to be governed by keen, practical common-sense.

Mother's Milk to Him.

A great libel suit has attracted much attention in Texas. The plaintiff is Gen. TOUCEY, one of the most distinguished military men of France, and the defendant is Mr. VILLEMESANT, editor of the *Figaro*, which charged Gen. TOUCEY with having betrayed the Emperor and Empress and encouraged the revolution of Paris.

Mr. VILLEMESANT, upon being examined, said that the articles in question were written to order. He accepted the moral responsibility, however, although he was absent in Italy when they were written. *They were author's milk to him.*

This has remark occasioned great laughter in court.

Mr. VILLEMESANT was acquitted on the charge of libel, although the Court of the highest judicial system of France by was found guilty of insulting a Department of the Government," and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of one hundred dollars. It is fortunate for editors that we have to such law in this country.

Taking Things Coolly.

A man named Ed Gardner has been arrested at Kingston, N. Y., for poisoning a woman to death. Some of the testimony on the coroner's inquest was very curious. It would seem that this was not the first attempt on the part of the poisoner had killed. In 1869, he shot one of his neighbors, named Sutton. He was tried for this several months after the shooting. They had talked with him about it, and he had confessed it to them. Yet they had never taken any steps to cause his arrest.

His motive in killing the woman is supposed to have been to prevent her disclosing the fact, of which she was cognizant, of his having killed SUTTON.

A Mother's Love.

The *Herald*, in an account of the trial of CALVIN OXENDINE, in North Carolina, for murder, on the eleventh of April, says that the court opened at half-past ten, a. m., and the jury did not return their verdict until ten minutes past four the following morning. The mother of the prisoner remained standing—and sitting—beside him, throughout the trial. The prisoner was acquitted.

A Friend of Tom Thumb's in Trouble.

WILLIAM ROSEWAY, formerly a member of the little General TOM THUMB's troupe, has been convicted, in London, of an assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

Some sentimentals from his former employers were read by his counsel, in mitigation of punishment, among them one from TOM THUMB.

A Cause of Constant and Universal Anxiety.

As railroads multiply and become more and more exclusively the means of inland conveyance and travel, the uneasiness which pervades the community on account of the liability to accidents on this mode of travel constantly increases. Scarcely one leader or other of almost every family is so often exposed to this danger, that the dread of it becomes a living reality in every household. People talk upon this subject more than ever before. The large business done by Accidental Insurance Companies is an evidence of the extent to which the apprehension prevails. Another proof of it is the introduction of the practice, which has become very common, for persons to telegraph home at the end of a journey, or occasionally during the course of railroad travel, that they have arrived at their destination, or reached such a point in safety—implying escape from some impending calamity.

One point of view in regard to this subject seems to have escaped the attention of railroad managers. As it appeals strongly to their self-interest, we here call attention to the error of confidence that it may be urged upon them with effect, and consequently to induce to bring it prominently forward. It is this: The general consciousness of the great security from accidents must, in the nature of things, largely diminish the travel by railway.

The large amount of travel by railroad which now takes place is no answer to this argument. It would be enormously more in fear did not exist.

The mental suffering and unhappiness occasioned by apprehensions of these terrible accidents are greater than those caused by the physical pain which results from them directly, when they occur. Comparatively speaking, it is few who are killed or maimed; while the suffering from fear is general. Accidents may be and, with almost literal exactness, to some extent are common to the community.

Why do we discuss this painful subject?

Our object is to assist in educating public sentiment so that it will constrain the managers of every railroad in the country, the use of all practicable means whereby science and skill have devised to prevent the occurrence of what, for the reasons given, is a source of misery, at least, in the aggregate, in the nation.

We have at this moment, in this city, to its Midland road of New Jersey, between Hackensack and Paterson, a most terrible and lamentable case. The bridge at Newark, which was appalling by the illustration which it gave of the danger to which we are exposed, and of the utter inefficiency of all precautionary measures which

MURDERED LOVE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Our love it is cold and dead," said he,
"Dead for ever and ever," said she.
"We sat bury it deep in its grave," said he,
"And the deeper the better," said she.

Low Love lay on his bier for a pall,
And the moon shone down like a tear.
The eyes that had once been bright were dim;
The mouth made for kisses was set and grim.

What had love my wee maiden to gain?
"Would he were buried!" they said again.
And they laid him in earth, and they left him there,
And the moon shone on his bitter but dreamless hair.

"Now I've seen who killed him," said he.
"That's true, and none other," said she.
"Let the beautiful spirit of Love be free!"
And they turned together to bury their dead.

Into the grave the women threw
A basket of rotten leaf with lime,
And a ring with a single diamond set,
And never a tear for her dead love let.

A promise to be more than friend,
A kiss that was sweeter than kisses must,
Bound by his side in the binding dirt.
"Love the dead past with its dead," said he.

And each one turned to a different path,
And parted for ever in hate and wrath.
Love for her maiden or name she had,
And mocked a specter that followed fast.

And each behind him a look he threw
He saw a phantom whose black eyes stormed;
And each of them knew, as they went their way,
That never a priest Love's ghost can lay.

And ensure that parted pair
Of a haunting shadow were aware:
Of falsehood to the grave laid,
Refused by his side in the binding dirt.

And they met at last in the realms of night
Each with each cheek with despair white;
"I am murdered and buried," say life is now,
But my ghost will haunt you for evermore."

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOT MANIAC," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE LOST HOME," "ONE, TWO, THREE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SHADOW IN THE SUNLIGHT.

While Mark Heber did not share Gay's aversion to the crippled half-breed (at whom the returning scouts had brought with them to the settlement), he still regarded Lemuel with suspicion, and was glad to see by the cruel, fiendish portrayal of color of the half-breed, and informed him that he could not give the shelter.

"But why not, Heber?" asked Halsey, in surprise, "we've got an unoccupied loft which the boy could have as well as not, it seems to me. There's only the two in your family, and the boy is sure to pay his way to the last cent."

"Gay's like his mother," replied Heber, "she suspects him of being an emissary of Blue Jack."

Halsey uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Everything in the settlement is suspicious since Blue Jack on the brain," he exclaimed. "You all want the fattening of every loaf, expecting to see an outlaw or a savage rise up between the slices. I tell you, Heber, I'm in favor of more than that large quantity of the best loaf. You procured ammunition of the soldiers, and you brought home a large supply with us. We are now fifteen in number, and can make twice as effective a resistance as before. The savages won't come back. They've had enough of us. The truth is, Heber, they're afraid."

"Maybe so," said Mark gravely. "At any rate Halsey, I never thought Gay's whim-sical as I can't take the half-breed into my house."

"I've no room for him," said Halsey in a tone of relief. "He's as innocent little chap, as playful as a kitten. He's a cripple for life, and I'll be glad to have him in my boy's house to take care of several hours. But if she takes a dislike to him, and you honor her whim, of course there's an end to the matter. I'll give the boy a blanket, and he can sleep in the open air."

And thus the young half-breed was provided for. He stowed himself away with an old blanket, and lay down to rest in the square, in the shadow of the block-house, and the people soon forgot him.

Two days after the return of the stock agents, the workers went to work zealously upon their inside, plowing the open prairie soil, and sowing it in the hope of a fine crop-light and the wind.

Notwithstanding Mr. Whitman's declaration that the soil should be left a year to rot before the people should urgently need it, the peaceful struggle between the savage and the white man, which there was no hope to yield even grain for household consumption in the coming season.

All the settlers had assistance in their farm labors from sons and brothers, excepting Mark, who declared his land would be ready by any one; but one young hero had the zeal and courage necessary for his task, and his work was completed nearly as soon as that of the others.

Two or three weeks time passed away in toil.

There was no further alarm of Indians. No outlaws came to the little settlement. Wagon trains passed on their way every few days, always leaving some one on guard as a lookout during their absence.

During all this time the half-breed Lemuel had not been an idle recipient of the bounty of the settlers. He had become a general favorite. He was, as Mr. Halsey had said, "as playful as a kitten." He was always ready to accept a hard task or propose a new one, and seemed to rather the playfulness of the young than the gravity of the old. Whether sing-ing, or laughing the cruel instincts of the savage nature he had by no means.

Oddly enough, considering Gay's aversion to him, the half-breed soon became very fond of about like a dog. If she went outside the door, he followed her. If she sat down in her house, he lurked somewhere near, and always leaving some one on guard as a lookout during their absence.

During all this time the half-breed Lemuel had not been an idle recipient of the bounty of the settlers. He had become a general favorite. He was, as Mr. Halsey had said, "as playful as a kitten." He was always ready to accept a hard task or propose a new one, and seemed to rather the playfulness of the young than the gravity of the old. Whether sing-ing, or laughing the cruel instincts of the savage nature he had by no means.

Oddly enough, considering Gay's aversion to him, the half-breed soon became very fond of about like a dog. If she went outside the door, he followed her. If she sat down in her house, he lurked somewhere near, and

WILL WHITMAN AND GAY HEBER ON THEIR WAY TO GATHER RASPBERRIES.

cumbersome, but light and graceful, and provided with paddles. This canoe he presented to Gay Heber, telling her at first, in secret, of the lad's chagrin and disappointment, she finally accepted it, saying that, however, in some gymnasts that Mark had outgrown.

The little girl was at once the envy of the settlement. She covered all in a flame in the blankets in the fleet, and who went up and down the rivers in it, with grateful admiration and delight.

The half-breed watched her proceedings with furtiveness, knowing just how far she might go without rousing the ire of Mark. He says here, that the young girl, though brave, was extremely timid in the water, and that the canoe's pretty model would be a source of trouble and her strength of arm nonexistent, and sought with the delicacy of his approval.

Gay laughed at the half-breed's awkwardness, and with his lameness, which appeared to grow no better. It was not to be expected, perhaps, that his helpfulness should grow better in the same ratio that Gay's strength and skill increased.

The settlement celebrated the late in August, Lem. went forth, as was his custom, upon a day's hunt. These were anticipes to be seen upon the plains, and deer and buffalo, and Lem. gave chase, going toward the north-west.

The male settlers went out in the farm labors at about the same time, soon after sunrise.

The children played in the square until the heat became so ex-cessive that they left their scanty, low-ceiled log dwellings.

Gay Heber put her house in order, and was about to begin her dinner, when a sudden suggestion, when Will Whitman crossed over to her from his neighboring home, and said:

"What are you thinking of, Gay? You look as sober as if you were sixty."

A bright flash of light passed over Gay's face at the question, and she said:

"I was meditating a raspberry hunt with Will. Lem says that there's an end of the bushes in the grove that are loaded with the tanks, and he brought me some some delicious raspberries last night for the very purpose for them. He would have picked more for me also, but he said that the berries are fully ripe, and I would like to surprise Mark with a dish of them for his supper. And were this all, I'd like to make some blackberry jam, such as we used to have at the South. Mark will be fond of it, and enjoy it in the winter. I believe—yes, I will—I'll go up the river in my canoe, and get the fruit myself."

"Let me go with you," said young Whitman. "I was not wanted out on the prairie with the rest of the men, and would enjoy a row up the river. You go in the morning, Gay? Mother was wishing to go with the morning."

"I will go with you, Will," said Gay, consenting; "but I've got to be back to make my pudding, you know, and I've got to wait."

He ran into her house and put on her hat, and took from the pantry a large stone jar. Gay had already put on her hat, and taken a basket under her arm, and they were prepared for their excursion. Mother was very glad to see Gay and Will go upon the river together, and called out, smiling: "but I've got to be back to make my pudding, you know, and I've got to wait."

He ran into her house and put on her hat, and took from the pantry a large stone jar. Gay had already put on her hat, and taken a basket under her arm, and they were prepared for their excursion. Mother was very glad to see Gay and Will go upon the river together, and called out, smiling: "but I've got to be back to make my pudding, you know, and I've got to wait."

"Will you go with me, Gay?" asked young Whitman, "and we'll go up the river in my canoe?"

"Why, yes," replied Gay, "I'll go with you."

"Then you must get your hat and basket," said Will, "and I'll get my canoe."

"Mother says we had better not go further up the river than two or three miles," said young Whitman, "and she's ever so pleased at the prospect of having you with us, Gay."

The young pair went out of the fort by the eastern gate, and descended to the shore of the water's edge. Here the small canoe lay moored to a stake, and was quite a pretty little craft. Gay sprang into the little craft with the basket, and Will followed her, and untied the rope, seized the paddles, and the canoe shot out into the stream.

Gay crouched in the bottom of the boat, full of gayety and enjoyment. The sunlight was so genial, the breeze so gentle, the air so full of sweetness, that it was not to be wondered at that the young girl was happy. She was in the most happiness possible to her.

Will paddled up the river, the canoe against the current, and kept close to the shore.

"It will be all the easier coming back," said Gay philosophically. "We'll go down with the current."

They passed on past the stockade and into the open river bordered only by freely plowed fields of prairie.

"Will is quite north of us," said Gay, "and I suppose we'll go near settled ground, will Whitman, for the canoe a little indolent, and informed him gayly of the expedition in hand.

Mr. Knot smiled good-naturedly, and wiped his hot forehead, and looked up the stream.

"I wish I could go with you. Go up as far as you like, only don't get into the current of the mile grove. A large fish will be over on the other side of the river, and if that current once gets you there I want to that way after my horse that strayed up there."

"We're not going so far," answered Gay,

"I don't be gone over three hours at the very outside. I must be back to get Mark's dinner."

Mr. Knot resumed his work, and the young voyagers passed on.

"How much you think of Mark, Gay," said young Whitman, plying the paddle vigorously as the canoe glided up the river with the swift current, and a gentle breeze to help it.

A bright color flushed up into Gay's cheeks, and dropped her head over the side of the boat and trailed her little brown fingers in the water.

"There's no use in Mark's eating a cold dinner," she said presently, after a minute later. "He is cook for him. All sisters think a good deal of their brothers, Will."

"Mark's not my brother, Gay, though he will or better than their brothers, Heber! Will is something of an equivocal vein.

"I suppose they might—but then they don't always marry their brothers, Will," replied Gay, with a merry laugh.

"No one ever does in America, Gay," said Will, "but I've heard that in Europe they sometimes do. Are you engaged to Mark, Gay?"

"Engaged to Mark!" asked Gay incredulously. "Why, no, Will, of course not. Mark is my brother, and I have known him ever since I can remember. He's a nice girl, and Mark can't do better than marry her, I suppose."

"How old are you, Gay?" asked Will.

"Why, I'm fifteen, Will, and you know I guess—about fifteen years and two or three months."

Young Whitman opened his eyes in wonder. "Why, I'm fifteen myself, Gay, and I'm seventeen."

"Not exactly."

"Yes, I will, I tell you!"

"He doesn't know much better than I do," thought Gay.

"That's old. Any boy, you know you are fifteen when you are born, and you are not like you were better than any girl at Heber, and so I'm fifteen. Mother says I'm seventeen, and I'm sure she ought to know. I'm a man's work already. I noticed some of the men looking at me this morning, and I thought I'd tell you that I've liked you from the first time I saw you, Gay, and I'm going to my wife. Say you will Gay. Won't you now? I'll be a good husband to you, Gay, and you shall never have to work."

"Will, you're crazy. You what would Tilly Hopkins and Jane Ann Brown say to hear you talk of getting married, Will. I'm not old enough, and I say you to go to Bodry under the sea yet."

"I'll wait two years for you, Gay," cried Will eagerly.

"No, I don't wouldn't pay you to wait for me, Will and Gay, sighing. "It's all yer you, Will, but I don't want to be married for years yet. I'm not old enough for you. Will, there's time enough by and by for such things. Let's talk of—of—of—Gay, are not those berries on the bank raspberries?"

"No; they are bushes, but the berries are good. Oh, Gay—"

"Back pay, Will. Mark wouldn't like my talking to you so. Let's talk of—of—of—"

"Of the berries on the bank, then," said Will, as about Horace Brown. He was quite angry at Gay.

"I'll speak to Mark myself," cried Will angrily, and I know I'll succeed in my engagement, Gay. I'll tell him— Ah, there are the berries and raspberries on the bank, of berries, added young Whitman, forgetting his anger.

"Yes, raspberries," said Gay, "and I'll get some for supper. Will, you can eat the bushes, and the two gathered all the berries into the stream.

Gay crouched in the bottom of the boat, full of gayety and enjoyment. The sunlight was so genial, the breeze so gentle, the air so full of sweetness, that it was not to be wondered at that the young girl was happy. She was in the most happiness possible to her.

Will paddled up the river, the canoe against the current, and kept close to the shore.

"It will be all the easier coming back," said Gay philosophically. "We'll go down with the current, Will

The Devil Chief will find him also by and by, and put him to death. Our people have every to burn him to death, because he has killed our warriors."

Then he arose again in his saddle, and waved a fierce gaze through his spy-glass once more. Then he spoke some words in the Indian tongue, and the whole party quickened their speed again to a swift gallop.

For hours they rode as fast as their horses could carry them. About an hour after noon they halted at a creek to refresh and feed the horses, and the Indians produced wallets of parched corn and cold meat, and offered some to their young captives.

They ate in silence.

She was seated on the ground, bound hand and foot. Leo, spoke a few words in the Dacota language to the leader of the party, who then apprehended the girl, slaying her feet and loosening her hands. Then he brought forth from his saddle-bags the generous luncheon Mrs. Halsey had given him that morning, of bread, cold buffalo steak and gingerbread.

"Eat your meal," he said. "Talk not. The Devil Chief said that you were not to be starved to death, or you will fall sick."

Her obedient disposition, forcing herself to eat a little, and to drink the rest of the food given her in her pocket.

Then, making the most of her limited freedom, she went down to the brook and drank of the clear water, and wandered among the few trees on its bank, and gathered wild-flowers of range, from which she was recalled by the half-breed, who wound her back to his companions, himself securing her bonds with even greater care than had been taken at first.

The saddles—few of them at least—were changed to the led horses. Day and the long being of flight waged, rode the horses that had brought them thus far.

The whole party mounted again, and Leo-ichod back with his captive.

Far away to the southward he could see the smoke of burning villages, and the form of the figures of the persons upon the train of Gray and her captors.

The Indian leader gave the word of command, and away went the little party upon their ride that seemed endless.

The sun beat fiercely upon them, and but for the cool breezes that ripened the extreme heat, they must have fainted in her saddle.

Leo, however, was a child of nature, and of hard fatigue, but this was the most severe and tedious, seldom speaking save to ask in their own tongue some question about the journey, which the half-breed had answered, after due scrutiny through his spy-glass.

They halted again at nightfall, upon the bank of a nearly dry creek, and rested here an hour or more. The men ate their parched corn and cold meat, and Gray did not eat at all.

The saddles were again changed upon the horses, which were thoroughly cooled and groomed with considerable care, the savages compreheading that hasten will groomed and in the endless fatigue for better than horses who are simply well fed without being groomed.

Gay was placed in her saddle again, although Halsted already bowed prostrate with the long ride, and her captors also mounted and resumed their journey.

Their course was still to the north-west—a little to the west, perhaps, as the sun was seen to the westward, about two hours after a long journey, to the Black Hills, the retreat of bands outlaws, the great mountain fastness of all the bandits of the plains. The three country lay directly in the path they were travelling.

"As we going to keep to the north all the time?" asked Gay, remembering that Mark Halsted had told her that the Black Hills lay to the north-west of their home, and that the home of the Sioux people was directly to the north of their settlement, but many days distant. "Are we going to the Sioux village?"

"Yes! I go what I see," answered Leo, briefly.

"Perhaps you are not going to turn off to the Black Hills?" persisted Gay, anxiously.

"What do you speak of the Black Hills?" inquired the half-breed, "what you know to do there?"

"I supposed that Sitting Bull had some refuge or stronghold there, as so many outlaws have."

"Ugh! The stronghold of the Sioux people is among the Dacotas," answered the Indian. "I not goes not to stronghold, where you go you will be safely guarded."

This was the only information concerning her destination which Gay possessed for days.

They journeyed all that night, and the girl dozed in her saddle, the monotonous trot and mellow trains and the solemn stars flooded the far places with the glory of their shining. Leo, also slept in his saddle, waking now and then to look back upon the dim distance, but he could see no more the outlines of the burning town.

At day-break the next morning another halt was made. The horses were very tired, and on being released, lay down and rolled seeking food. The Indians ate their frugal meal, and Gay removed a portion of her own cold meat Leo, had given her on the previous day.

They remained at rest until midday. The horses were fed and groomed, and at noon the party mounted and again took up their line of march.

And now there was no sign whatever of pursuit.

Your friends have given up the chase," said Leo, at last, as they rode at a slow pacing pace in the direction they had come. "The settlers are rallying to come after you from home. They fear another attack upon the fort during their absence. They will not have the fort feebly manned. They had no idea that I would take you away from your relatives. They do not know we go to the Sioux country. They have gone back and abandoned you."

These declarations fell like leaden ball upon Gay's spirit.

"They may have gone back," she said, "but they have not abandoned me. They will pursue me with soldiers from Fort McPherson."

The half-breed had heard silent.

"Ugh!" he said contemptuously. "Do we not attack wagon trains, and massacre whole camps men and women, and carry the children into captivity; and what do your soldiers do? They sometimes fight. It is true, and sometimes go back and supply their stomachs with food. There are not soldiers enough to keep the Indians under bonds since the Dacotas," he added proudly. "And leaders of the soldiers are not Indians, but white men, like you."

The savages rode more leisurely during that day, having no longer fear of immediate pursuit.

That night they encamped upon the plain.

Upon the morning of the following day they resumed their march at break, making a brief halt at noon.

Late in the afternoon of this day, a body of mounted men were seen in the distance, to the north-west, and the half-breed chief, upon whose counsel Leo seemed to rely, called his body together for a brief consultation concerning the strangers and the half-breed half.

Each leader rode forward to meet the other, and then with cries of joy set spurs to their horses and dashed forward. It was the first meeting of friends which was still so far off that Gay could not distinguish the features of the unknown Indian warriors.

"Who is it?" she asked, catching the general excitement.

"It is the Devil Chief and a score of warriors," answered the half-breed. "They are coming to meet us. We shall camp with them to-night. To-morrow I and your friends come on; we can give them battle. But they won't fight much, for they will be glad to see you safe and again, you will be my prisoner no more, for they will never find you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A husband regretting the loss of his first, in the presence of his second wife, was told by her that "no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had."

WHAT HE FOUND.

BY FRANCES RENSHAW BADEN.

"Now, mother, tell me why it is you are so anxious to have my dad Mrs. Morris, when I reach New York?"

"I have intended to do so, Stanley, but have delayed so long as possible referring to the saddest days of my life. To-morrow you leave us, and I wish to have you feel the deep debt of gratitude we owe the woman who was our only friend when we were in need. Stanley, you are a man grown, I know, my son, and your father's dying wish was that you should find your way to her. Your perverseness, your longing for a life of employment in New York. He was very successful, and his success made him proud, and fault of hope and bright anticipation. He had now come to him, and believed money for our passage and the necessary outfit for our journey. How happy I was with thoughts of our reunion! I was an orphan. My home was with my father's sister, Mrs. Morris, and I could not look from her face for there was even an additional burden. So, of course, I was doubly anxious to get to your father. On the vessel, coming over, was Mrs. Morris. She was in deep grief; returning a widow, to the home she had left a happy wife, scarcely two years before. She needed me, and I was glad to be valid. His physicians advised a sea voyage, and she decided to go to New York to spend the winter. I was tired of very little of any beauty. He died in London, and I went back to his companion, himself securing her bonds with even greater care than had been taken at first.

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APRIL'S JUBILATE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Oh, joy! for the warm wind my white brow's cooling,
Deliciously had me the gentle bright hours:
Already my drinking fingers are pressing
A sweet living goblet, the violet flowers.

Already my voice is at play with the fountains
My faint-dancing feet chirm the brown vales
Alap at the lake my sunshine tell meadows
Tweens unstitched show where my eyes look with souls.

Oh, now what a rapturous music swooned, flew
From glad waking birds in yon leafed stillness
Of wood, and of grove!
What tongue cannot tongue make the delicate
Greetings
And passionate circle the shores and the seas!
Sing, sing with me, men! Women, sing! March
Ahead!
April's joyous are thrilling the breasts of the
Sing, sing, to dear children! Now that's frogs
Are swinging.
While over they stand proper rainbows are
curved!

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE RAIDERS," "THE OUR LOVE'S SHADOW," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A PEAK OF DESTINY.

Upon the evening after the burial of Mrs. Wroat, and the utter disconfidence of the forlorn-looking Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Mr. Harris the lawyer called upon Lally. He card, with a message, being upon his way to the depot to the young girl to her own room by Tarpen. Lally received him in the parlor, and was accompanied by Peters. Peters was a very small and weak and childlike in her deep mourning; but when she lifted her veil in a rowful black eyes, the lawyer read in them a woman's capacity for suffering, a tremendous strong and resolute character, a woman's endurance of sorrow.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Wroat," he said, with a bow to Lally, "but I have a few words to say to you on a matter of some importance, and a matter of business. Is your desire to keep your self-established home in the house of your uncle in spite of greater friends and better ones?"

"I will stay here," declared Lally. "This home seems home to me. Aunt Wroat loved it, and I love it just as much. I have not a thing that she has loved or treasured will be disposed of."

Mr. Harris had approval of the sentiment. Peters' neat, shop-scattered complexion darkened with her knitted with renewed warmth and pleasure. She had feared in her lonesit and in the massive old-fashioned furniture with the sad carvings and quaint figures would be sent to an auction room, to be replaced by modern upholstery.

"Shall I ask you to be seated?" the lawyer and servant, and he seated the lawyer.

"Yes," said Lally; "the household is to remain exactly as it is. Mrs. Peters will also remain with me as a friend and attendant. She is my lonely friend. I have none."

Not the only one, Miss Wroat," said the lawyer, with a smile. "I am one, and I hope you will permit me to call on you. I have now to explain to you the amount of your income. When the late Mrs. Wroat died, many years ago, he bequeathed to his wife who has just died the sum of fifty thousand pounds in securities and real estate. Mrs. Wroat had few expenses aside from the household, and did not exhaust her entire income, the balance of which, with the interest upon the principal, was added to the original fifty thousand. Mrs. Wroat died possessed of over sixty thousand pounds, the principal of which is in real estate. This house is not included in the estate. Mrs. Wroat, having been married to Mr. Wroat at her marriage, as her own property, the house she placed in addition to the real estate, therefore, you have fifty thousand pounds, besides the house, and the income per annum, in foreign railroads, in United States bonds, and in other perfectly safe and advantageous investments. The income three investments varies from three to seven per cent., which, upon the average, I am free to announce to you that you have there a yearly income of twelve hundred pounds, of twelve hundred pounds. Your aunt's will has gone into immediate operation. Out of this twenty-five hundred pounds the remaining one hundred pounds is to be paid each year to Mrs. Peters, so long as she shall live. The rest is absolutely your own! Have I made the matter perfectly clear, Miss Wroat?"

"Perfectly," said Lally. "It is a large fortune for me."

"It is a very fair income for a young lady," asserted Mr. Harris. "very fine indeed. Your investments could not be improved upon. A reasonable desire can find perfect gratification upon your income, Miss Wroat. Should you desire it, you can take a house at Brighton for the season, or might desire a more radical change in visiting your country place, although I should advise you to remain in the city until the fall season," said Lally, "and I think it very pleasant in October."

Yes, sir," said Lally, demurely, and the South of England," said Mr. Harris, "but this is not a fashionable time of Wroat, and it was a off at the north—in Scotland, in fact, and on to Edinburgh, Miss Wroat. I think I ought to be told you, Peters, that Edinburgh is one of the windy rage, and the thermometer falls before noon."

"I was never in Scotland," said Lally, a little flush of interest brightening her sad face. "And I own a place up there—a large place."

Two or three farms, but the soil is sterile. The house is very old and very large."

"Where is the place? Near Edinburgh?"

"Far north of Edinburgh, Miss Wroat. It's near mountains, away out of the world as dull a season, you see. I was up there last year with a shooting party. Mrs. Wroat kept the house at my disposal. There's capital shooting over the estate, and we had a good time, the house being furnished, and a steward in charge. Shall I write to him?"

"I should like to see the place myself."

"Perhaps I will a little later—but not yet. I don't mind the comfort of the season," Mr. Harris, and I am afraid of cold and wind and sea-sand. I can have shelter and heat in fact, I think I would like to hide myself in some friendly fashion until I shall have learned to bear my trials with fortitude. Life is very sad to me, Mr. Harris."

"Life bitter at seventeen," said the lawyer, with an indulgent smile. "You have money, Miss Wroat, and will have lovers of friends. You will learn, as we all do, sooner or later, Mrs. Wroat, to take the bitter with the sweet, and to thank God for all his goodness, instead of allowing become one or two blessings are withheld out of so many given. But I will not bore you with a lecture. I have come this morning to say this morning except that, should you need me, I suggest that you will call upon me at any time. I will come to you at a moment's notice. Is there anything I can new do for you?"

There was nothing, but Lally expressed her gratitude for the offer. Mrs. Peters had a few questions to ask, and when these had been answered, Mr. Harris paid that Lally's hands the sum of six hundred pounds, being one quarter's income. He then departed.

The young girl spent the remainder of the day in her own room, not even coming down to be her meals. Tarpen brought and took away the dishes, and Mrs. Peters called after dinner and tea to her apartment. Lally read books nor newspapers, but sat before her fire in a state of utterly brooding, and Peters with an unspeakable anxiety behind the young girl's face grew dim and pallid, dark circles form under the black eyes, and the little body grew thin. Peters was afraid that Lally she feared that the young mistress would soon follow the old.

In her distress, Peters had an interview with the housekeeper, and expressed her fears and anxieties.

A good wind would heal blow Miss Lally away," she said. "She's dining and the fire will blow she'll be dead. What can I do?"

"Is she ill?" asked the housekeeper.

"It isn't that alone," said Peters, "although she loved Mrs. Wroat as a daughter might have loved her, but she's had other troubles that I am not at liberty to speak of, but which are pressing on her always with her aunt's death, until I think she dead. Indeed she will crush her into the grave. She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep, she doesn't do anything for her, and when she does she has brought great parcels of silks and bombazines and crapes, and she will not look at them, but said, 'Peters, please select for me.' I don't know what to do, Mrs. Bright. She was in organ yesterday because my young lady asked her to select an organ, and she did not care a single direction beyond having them send it home. I am afraid to leave her alone. What can I do?"

"What does a sun know in a case like that?" exclaimed the housekeeper. "The young lady is going herself to death. Mrs. Wroat was a good woman, and she's gone to her

WORK FOR ALL.

BY CARLE DUNN.

There is a task work to do—
For each and every one,
Work of head and work of hand,
Work of love and duty too.

Work for the rich and work for the poor,
Work for the young and work for the old,
Work for those whose years are few,
And those whose years are told.

Every one must work or play,
Work for the good or work for the ill,
Work for the sinner and work for the saint,
Work for the human will.

Work for the heart that is sad and lone,
Work for the eyes that are dim,
Work for the soul that is weak and faint,
Work for the cheer of a hymn.

Work for the sick and work for the well,
To do good and flee from sin;
The price is priceless we never obtain—
The work—only toilers win.

Work for the night and work for the morn,
And say that labor we embrace in
Work—well done.

Little labors are not despised,
All are good;
Often great labors are spoiled
From forgetting could.
Time is precious, waste it not,
Work while you have breath;
Lose not a single golden grain,
Redeem each hour from death.

Let us then all do the share
To us given,
Labor for the good we have
Here and there—
When they from us leave a space,
But, are toiling for the right,
Good Angels will fill the place.

BROKEN FAITH.

"Five o'clock!"

It was Mattie, my widowed brother's only child, who spoke, looking up into my face as she continued:

"They will be here soon, Aunt Mira, and I shall see Cousin Lois again. She must be greatly changed since we parted in Paris, six long years ago. I was only a child then, and she a girl; but ever so many times she has said we would travel and visit each other. I am sorry she is coming here."

"Mattie!" I said reproachfully. "You would not have your father refuse a home to his orphan niece?"

"No, I am sorry she is left alone, and I will do all I can to make this truly a home for her; but I am sorry she is coming, for I am not entirely happy, I suspect now."

"We will be still happier when you have a companion."

"Perhaps." And a musing fit fell again upon Hattie.

There followed an interval of silence, broken only by the dash of the rain against the windows, and the moan of the wind, as the storm increased.

"I wish you would come," Hattie said, as a gust of great violence shook the house. "It is a dreadful storm. If Lois was out on the steamer, he will have his journey to New York for nothing. But you said the close carriage to the station, Aunt Mira?"

"Yes, I am very fearing myself from a trouble caused by Hattie's wrong of forcing her to accompany me to the train in the pouring wind, leaving the orphan child half a lone. Sadness, Hattie's gentle nature never allowing her to speak a cold or unkind word.

For twenty years I had not seen my sister, and Hattie had left her in Paris nine years before her death; but we both were light hearted girls, and I had no sense of my own feelings, than from my sense of our exile to foreign lands.

I myself married when the carriage drew up. Light, rapid footsteps crossed the hall, and Lois Gordon stood in the room. She was neither to Hattie nor myself, but each drew very near to the other at once.

"Aunt Mira," she said, kneeling on a low chair, "I am very glad to see you. I have been the wanderer. Are you my aunt Mira? I will be sure when I hear. Here is mine! He will tell you about my journey. I am cold and hungry to talk."

Lois was a child to the fire for my brother's sake, took his cloak, and her, and left the room. I was surprised at the change in the girl. Her smile so pleased me, and the bright face of the young girl crouching before the fire was pleasant. So are as a treasure to me.

"Like picture, like child," I thought. "Claire was a beauty, and Lois is fair, and clothed with a frivolous Frenchman. Well, she was glad, she said, to visit. So Lois in silence."

Here Lois explained the matter of dress in this sense:

"My entire winter wardrobe was just completed when new summer clothes. It was so lovely and becoming, I could not put it away to grow old-fashioned, and so I wore my Paris. Besides, black is unbecoming to me."

When I returned to the room, after ordering refreshments for the travelers, Lois was sitting in the full glow of the fire, and Hattie by her head, her beautiful dark eyes fixed on Hattie.

"You are very kind," she was saying. "I will try to exist here for two years. Then I shall be—ah, twenty-one, I think."

"Yes like Paris then."

"Then I shall be sitting up in her excitement. It is parties! Do not let me be excited to-night, for I am tired, and I will sleep well."

"Aunt Hattie! Are you a saint still?"

"I never was a saint."

"No, but you remember the name they gave me in the convent—Saint Claire? Aunt Mira, you cannot imagine how angelic she looked entering the chapel, her white veil and French garb, and her sly, comprehensive look at me. I was a little saint myself. I was a little mistake beside her."

The girl spoke with a half sneer, and I saw Hattie noticed it. She answered her question by reply. With quiet accuracy my brother told the stranger the whole history, and with her fairness and cold manner. Hattie, self-conversed, but not unkindly, and with a certain easy fascination, so that I was not surprised by a half-confidence, and a little sympathy from the half-confidence. Lois was a brilliantly beautiful brunette, small and slender, witty, lively and fascinating; as great a contrast to Hattie as a dress-maker could find a child to be.

We had returned to the sitting-room, Lois again chatting, and the heartbreaking, when she asked abruptly:

"Aunt Mira, and Amede?"

The tone was deepened in Hattie's fair cheek as she said:

"I am dead."

"To whom?"

The question was answered by a new, hearty voice, saying:

"To me, Lois!" and John Rodgers entered the room, and stood behind Hattie's chair, looking down upon her with a look unknown to me. My brother, who had been the companion of the party, I think it was a mistake in the arrangements. Lois to first observing meeting as she entered the room, and Hattie's head bent over the gardenia, and her face flushed with smiles and blushes, as she received her own son. In the confusion, I think, of the moment, I was the only person to see John from his allegiance, and she was with a winning grace, keeping his attention the entire evening.

Hattie's face grew a shade paler as she noted the evident admiration of her betrothed for her beautiful guest, but I do not think she noticed his loyalty. Here was the child I had known from her birth, and John had been her lover from her heart, for betrothed for two years. My brother loved the handsome, manly boy whose parents were our nearest neighbors, and his choice found Hattie near-ly as willing. Their marriage was betrothed. It was not the natural result of the long intimacy, and we were all pleased, but no one suspected.

But Hattie had given her whole heart to her lover I knew well, by a thousand and an secrets from me. I knew that tender, loving thoughts brightened her features when he young the pretty treasures wanted in the early spring. I knew then, quiet and gentle as our Hattie was at all times, there was a depth of love in her pure heart whose strength she had recently tested in the unconscious trial of her betrothed. I said, with an unspoken sense of how nearly the words were true. Unselfish, charitable, kind, she lived for others, and was rewarded by fruitful and frank when occasion required.

It had not been time to see that Lois lived in an atmosphere of deceit. In the most trivial matters she was false, and I saw that she delighted in deception. She watched, she spied on and out of the house like a child, and I could see no motive in her. Parisian friends was carefully concealed until she posted it herself. She spoke often of her life in Paris, but seemed never to speak openly or frankly, as was natural in a young girl.

After the first month of her residence with us, I noticed that Lois and her lover had discontinuous, John Rodgers, and received him as it were to Hattie, alone.

He had the same fine face, intelligent eyes. In face and figure he resembled an Irish gentleman, with flashing brown hair, fresh complexion, blue eyes, and strong white teeth.

His voice was loud and clear, his laugh rang out easily, and his every movement had a decisive air.

He became awkward and silent, seeming to see only Lois. Hattie did not seem to notice it, and, in the tender attentions and thoughtful kindness, I thought I saw my sister forgiven, and seemed to have studied a new code of love, very different from the old-fashioned courting of old.

Lois was very wary, and preparations for Hattie's wedding were becoming quite active, when the event occurred which I have to tell of.

"Mira," he said, handing me a letter, "I am troubled about this."

It was a rough epistle, in written and unpunctuated hand, whether from a man or woman was in the habit of meeting, in her presence, a stranger, who, in the tender attentions and kindness bestowed upon her, would have been flattered, and seemed to have studied a new code of love, very different from the old-fashioned courting of old.

"Have you ever heard Lois mention him?" questioned my brother.

"Never. The name is new to me."

"Stop; let me think. Ah, it is a misfortune that I am not a lover, for I have a memory for names. I remember a Lois Gordon in Paris. Where is it? Ah, here! Listen."

One of my sisters had a son, her darling Lois as to as Americs to separate her entirely from her mother, and was a year and a half in Paris, in Rivoly. Here, a handsome officer, who assigns a very romantic authority to the exile, and, after a short time, he left Paris, and went out the world is not supposed to embrace children, and the mother's heart is broken. Lois is now living at the house of her father, and is very lonely and desolate. The writer is to be made to pay. It is a matter of honor, and I am sure you will not refuse me."

"Of course," I said, not desiring Lois to go to